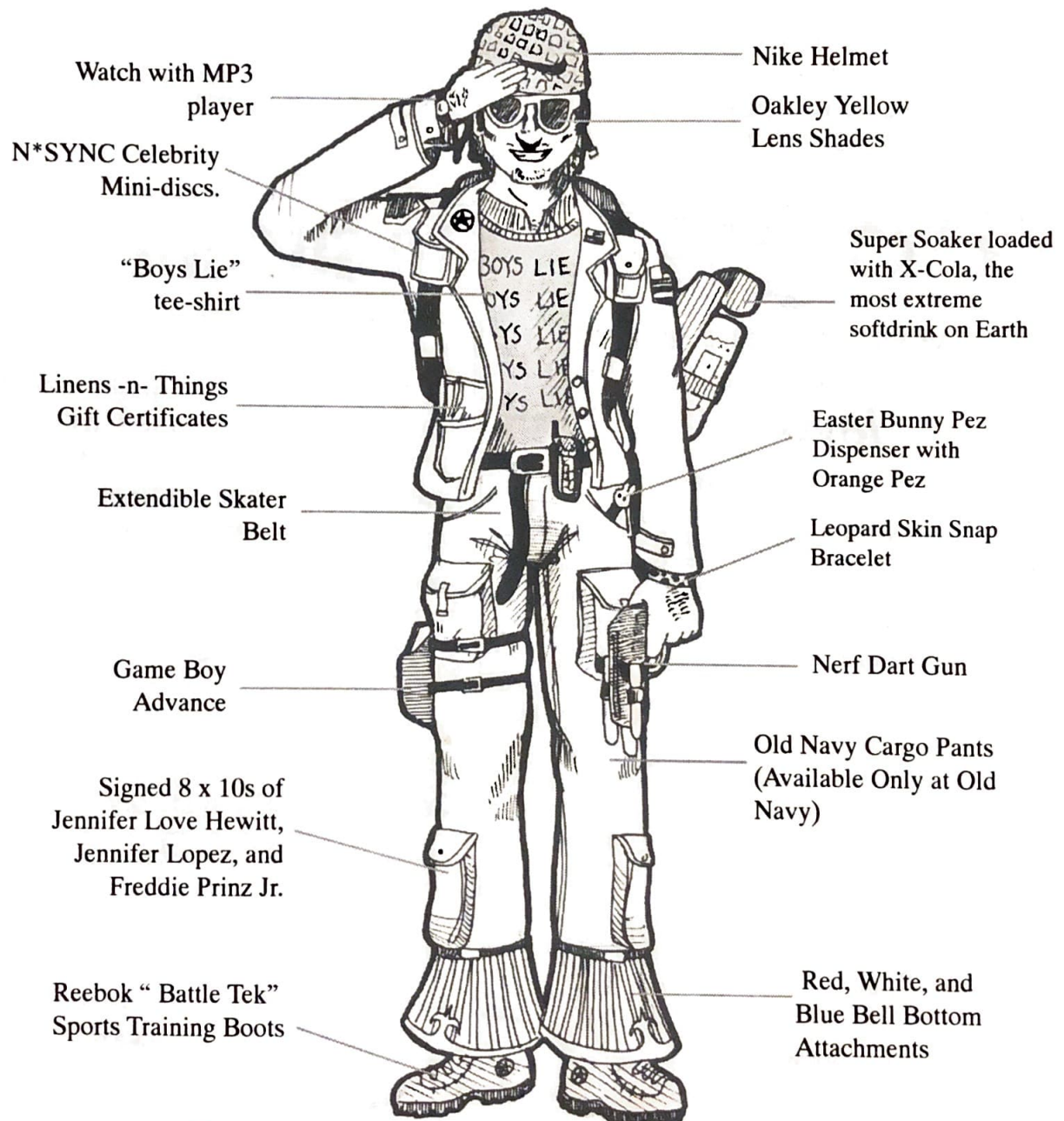


# THE OMEN

## AMERICA'S SUPERCOOL SOLIDER

*These supercool troops will be sent into Afghanistan to bring American Prosperity to the troubled peasants. As we stomp out terrorism, we will also help the innocent and down-trodden to enjoy the meaningful, life-improving wonder that is American Prosperity.*



*Volume 17; Issue 3; October 12, 2001; Hampshire College*





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## omen

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OCTOBER 12, 2001

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THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAKE:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover by J. Wilder Konschak  
Back Cover by Shaun Boyle



## to submit

Submissions are due **Fridays before noon**. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: **Prescott 96C, Box 916, x5014**. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to [mpierce@hampshire.edu](mailto:mpierce@hampshire.edu). Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

IT'S TOO EASY TO MAKE FUN OF WAR - WAR IS INHERENTLY FUNNY.

ATTRIBUTED TO J. WILDER KONSCHAK

## FROM THE EDITOR



We are all cursed. We are also all blessed. However, the question always seems to be: what is the difference? Some people seem to think that the racial or sexual differences amongst us make us have no commonality with other members of the human race. Although we have all seen the world from different views, I don't believe this is true, for we were all born with similar curses and blessings.

One such human trait that has haunted each of us, or will do so one day if it hasn't yet, is having to face the weakness of your own emotions. Emotions cause us to feel pain, and sorrow, and sadness. Emotions cause us to miss, to be depressed, and to cry. Emotions cause us to get angry, to hurt, and to feel hurt. Whenever I think about this, I always wonder if emotions are worth anything. Period.

Are emotions worth the fleeting happy moments in life? The feeling of a job well done? Are emotions worth the warmth of another body next to yours for the possibility of years and years? Just think about this for a moment. Seriously consider your life. When you think back, how much of your life was spent being happy? It's hard thinking about it because we seem to block out the bad memories after a while, leaving only the ones we want to think about. Who wants to think about the day a loved one died, or the lost love that was never meant to be? Instead, we think solely about spending time with our family on happy Christmas mornings, or first kisses like none other we've ever experienced. The bad times simply cease to exist, falling into the category, "... what doesn't kill you makes you

stronger."

With one month of my fourth year here at Hampshire over, I look at the past five years, the many moments of sadness, depression, hate, lust, love, happiness, and joy, and I can only conclude one thing: emotions are a part of who we are. We didn't choose to be born this way. When you think about it, we don't choose much of anything during our lives. However, to be emotionless would only make us inhuman (or, if I were some huge Trekkie or something, I might say Vulcan). No one ever said it was easy being human, and we can only expect out of others what we expect out of ourselves. We've all had similar experiences, felt similar pains. We just have to recognize this, and move on stronger than we were before...

Eh, who the hell am I kidding? I'm not a fucking philosopher. Take a fucking gun, press the barrel to the top of your mouth, and pull the trigger until it goes "click click." And do it somewhere public, so that people have to stare at your bloody carcass right after you've done it. And try to aim the blood so that it splatters all over the wall, making Phys Plant have to really scrub in order to get the stains out. Maybe even handcuff yourself to something, so that they have to find a way to get the handcuffs off before they can dispose of the body properly. Oh, and don't forget the most important part: the suicide letter. This has to be good. Make it about your life and family and thoughts. Or better yet, make it about the worth of having emotions - that's sure to touch somebody deeply.



The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupported writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and

understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff, the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.





# SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,  
Announcements,  
Propaganda,  
Editorials.

## "LOOK AT ME, I WROTE AN ARTICLE. IT SUCKS, BUT IT'S AN ARTICLE"

**M**y narcissism has grown by leaps and bounds over the two years I've been at Hampshire. Upon entering my third year I find it's almost back to High School levels and I'm ready to write my first *Omen* article, something I've contemplated for a long time but for which have never 'til now been able to work up the nerve or the motivation. I never much read the *Omen* for most of my first year. When I visited Hampshire as a prospective student I picked up a copy and was actually offended by it(!). Someone working in the library warned me against it and assured me that "most Hampshire students really weren't like that." (Of course, when I visited I hated Hampshire, thinking it was the ugliest campus I'd ever seen. And here I am.) Most of my first year, whenever I'd occasionally flip through a copy it seemed rather boring and self-indulgent (as if what I'm writing right now isn't). During the infamous poster controversy and its aftermath, however, the paper gained my sympathies. Even if the *Omen* was uneven and articles were frequently in bad taste (I thought), it didn't remotely deserve what it got, and the knee-jerk and doctrinaire reactions against it, which frequently seemed to flirt with censorship and a benevolent-

seeming kind of liberal fascism under the name of "community norms," seemed infinitely more offensive than the *Omen* could ever be. I read the next several issues to see the responses to these matters and found to my surprise that they were, for the most part, intelligent, respectful, thoughtful, and well-argued.

My second year I read the *Omen* fairly regularly, and generally found it interesting and enjoyable. At first this was because my friends would read it at dinner the day it came out, so I would too for something to do. The quality did genuinely seem to have improved, however, and I now knew several members of the staff, either as friends, acquaintances, or friends of friends. Well, on my way to becoming the "bitter older student" whose words you are reading today, the *Omen* frequently seemed an island of clear thought and humor in this sea of sensitive reactionaries known as Hampshire College. I often thought I should submit something. Occasionally I'd get an idea for an article, and even be encouraged to submit it by my friends, but I'd never get around to actually writing it. After a time I realized that the only way I'd ever get around to submitting anything would be if I wrote regularly, but I was afraid I didn't really have anything of interest to say, and

BY NICK MOEN, CONTRIBUTOR

why should I expect that anyone could possibly care about my irrelevant and pointless musings, rants and ramblings anyway?

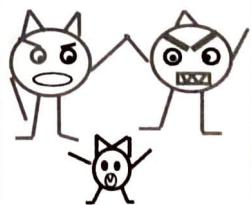
Over the summer, however, a tremendously liberating thing happened: I stopped caring. I realized that I actually do have thoughts, opinions and beliefs that I cared about enough to spend a few hundred words on a fairly regular basis, and my narcissism, as I've said, has increased to the point that I'm willing to print them without expecting that anyone will particularly care to read them. Who knows, I thought, maybe someone might even find them interesting, if only as a way to kill time. After all, if I could manage to be interested in reading about Dorian's sex life every two weeks, you could probably find a reader for nearly anything. Returning to Hampshire to find the message "To the *Omen* Kids, all of you: Go to Hell!" written on the Saga whiteboard only confirmed my resolution. Maybe it's true that Hell has better company after all.

The only problem now was how to begin. Although I had a number of ideas, none of them seemed quite interesting enough, or topical enough, or what have you to make a good first article. Last year I complained a lot about the stupid things people would say in class, and was frequently told, most often by ex-*Omen* staffer Zak Kauffman, that I should write an *Omen* article about this, telling new students how to be respectful in class by sticking to what they were supposed to be studying

rather than going off on tangents or discussing their own personal philosophies and wasting everyone's time, and I thought that that might be a decent way to begin. (It is a great loss to the world that Zak is no longer writing regular articles. In addition to possessing that most rare of qualities, a genuinely original and amusing sense of humor and a nearly impeccable taste of movies, "Oh, That Devil", for a brief period the best drawn comic strip to be found in any Hampshire publication, will in all probability never again see the light of day. This is very sad.) However, by the time I actually got around to considering writing it, I realized that I only remembered a few of the most juicy quotes such as a long and profound comment made in "Literature of Religious Awakening" supposedly relating to the Epic of Gilgamesh to the effect that if everyone could just become more spiritual and in touch with their own inner goodness the world would be a better place, or my personal favorite, the following definition of music: "I think talking would be music if it didn't have any words." And this semester I'm taking most of my classes off-campus and so don't have a fresh supply of material, so it looks like the article that would have opened "We were all taught in Kindergarten that there are no stupid questions. This is wrong," will have to be indefinitely tabled. I decided that I'd just have to write something, inspired or not, to get over my inertia. I thought that, if truly desperate, I could do the ever popular summer

recap. This would probably go roughly as follows: "The first half of my summer was good. The second half was spent in excruciating pain. It was hot. I didn't see Moulin Rouge or AI, so I don't know what I thought of them. The Princess and the Warrior was very good and it's a crime that as far as I can tell, no one has seen it." Glad that's over with. Then it came to me: I could write an *Omen* article about writing an *Omen* article. So I sat down and read the last *Omen* cover to cover to make sure I had a good handle on the conversational, confessional, self-deprecating yet subtly arrogant prose style that gives most *Omen* articles their special zest, and proceeded to write the appallingly self-referential drivel you've just read.

(Mother of God, that was long. Sorry, folks. Although I make no claims as to quality, I promise there'll at least be more substance next time around.)



The article goblins form a human chain to protest this publication's mistreatment of the plight of starving private prisoners.





Writer, actor, painter, philosopher,  
We all work in the name of our  
own immortality;  
Since it's the only thing that will  
finally satiate our egos.

It's recently occurred to me that people on this campus want everyone else's ideology to completely match their own. While I'm sure this utopia would be lovely in its peace, love, happiness, and abject repression, I'm a realist. I'll settle for a society where everyone is respectful of others' opinions and can have honest and fulfilling discourse about said opinions. It was probably what Socrates and Hampshire had in mind in the first place. This scenario, of course, is far more of a fairy tale than the utopia. Eventually, it will be feasible for the liberal elitists around here to scare off everyone who doesn't agree wholeheartedly with their various doctrines. For example, one could just change the school motto to "If you're conservative, we'll be intolerant towards you." No one speaks Latin anymore anyway. From there, it will be a simple matter of forcing out the students that subtly disagree with you. For example, if one believes that speech should be protected even if it doesn't validate someone's feelings, just leave a dead mackerel rolled up in a newspaper (finally, a use for *The Forward*) in front of their dorm room. Or if your predilections differ, a Tofukrel. The meat eaters will be next to go

## UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S NOT LIKE STRIPES

anyway, and after that anyone that didn't vote for your candidate of choice or supports a platform which you oppose; for example, various amendments of the Constitution. Simple fear and intimidation tactics should work here. Eventually, you'll just have those few that don't believe you should be made dictator-for-life of Hampshire College. Well, beheading might be too good for them, but it will have to do.

And think of it, your liberal utopia. You'll have all this one on one time with your professors, who now, fearful for their jobs and lives, will be validating every belief you have. Every piece of your personal philosophy will be confirmed and reinforced by actual adults with actual degrees. You can even print your own publication, where you have a full representation of the campus beliefs, yours! The printed word will now validate you as well. You have nothing to fear from constructive criticism, since your feelings are all that really matter in this utopian society. You might not learn anything new, but your self-esteem will be off the charts. And isn't that what a liberal arts education is all about?

(N.B. The above is a satirization. However, this satirization does not refer directly or indirectly to any person, place, thing, animal, vegetable, mineral, event, or personal ethos, living or dead, past or present, real or imagined, and any resemblance

is purely coincidental. In fact, screw it. It's all lies, damned dirty lies. We at the *Omen* love to lie. In addition, if the above somehow did not validate your feelings or make you feel better as an enlightened individual, e-mail me at [jpaternostro@hampshire.edu](mailto:jpaternostro@hampshire.edu) and I will personally respond with one of those neat online greeting cards, apologizing for my unconscionable actions.)

(P.S. Actually, I won't. Go to hell.)

So people have been handing out those little strips of paper informing the student populace that when America strikes back at her 'enemies,' people will start blowing whistles to signal it's time to have a vigil. Now, I had a good chuckle at the Pavlovian overtures of such a plan, but the deeper problem is what do they do if someone chooses not to come. A truly enlightened society can be gauged through the reactions of its citizens to those with differing opinions from their own. I truly believe this. And when those whistles blow, I'll be staying in class, my dorm room, etc. Why? It's not to protest the vigil/rally, more power to you guys for organizing it. Honestly, I will most likely support the actions of the US military, out of deference for the soldiers putting their lives on the line.

I'm lucky enough that I'm part of a generation that will probably never be drafted. For one, the need for ground troops

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

## PLEDGE YOUR ALLEGIANCE

BY MICHAEL BENNI MERCE, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

On October 19<sup>th</sup>, one of the greatest musical events ever will occur, and most of you probably didn't even realize it. Well, it's not as if it's a one day event or anything, but October 19<sup>th</sup> is the only date that applies to me - since it's the date that I'll be seeing it, live, on the ground floor, no more than 10 feet away from the stage at all times.

Hartford Civic Center, Friday October 19<sup>th</sup>, at 6:30PM. Metropolitan presents "THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE TOUR." Sounds great, huh?? Now I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, "This is some crapacular CREED/LIMP BIZCUIT event that people like Benni go to in or-



der to be idiots." Wait, you weren't thinking that? Oh oh. You were kidding. Funny. Real Well, all I have to say to that is, "Come see for your- body at all times. Touch first, ask questions later. Bands for this event include Slipknot, System of a Down, Rammstein, Mudvayne, and American Head Charge. It'll be nothing like you've ever seen before - so isn't it about time that you get started? Oh, and for those of you who find this interesting, you'll also want to know about the Merry Mayhem Tour - Ozzy Osbourne, Rob Zombie, and Mudvayne with one or two unnamed bands. It begins on Halloween Day, October 31<sup>st</sup>, and runs until New Years Day. Anybody's holiday would be improved with a couple tickets to either of these events. And just one more thing: [www.houseof1000corpses.com](http://www.houseof1000corpses.com) Go there. Support the scariest film of all time. people's hands all over your time.

UNFORTUNATELY...

continuations

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

is much smaller than it was in the past. And anyway, I highly doubt we'll be invading Afghanistan on foot anytime soon. Two, most soldiers today would probably be annoyed having someone watch their back who was six weeks previous planning to file their Div II in Writing, Religious Studies and Contemporary Asian Culture. And three, how many of us do they really think would go? Sure, patriotism is at an all time high now, but that's just because all we have to wave flags and sing "God Bless America." We're not putting our lives on the line trying to kill well-trained Afghan guerillas. Now I hope it doesn't come to that, for all of our sakes, but if I get drafted, I'm not heading to Canada. To be honest, I'm really not sure if I can kill another person, and I'll be upfront about that. I still will help out any way I can. I know I have my educational deferrals (at least for now). I know I'm 5'11 and weigh all of 130 pounds. And yes, I know it's easy for me to say this, since I'm sure it will probably never happen.

Until next time, I encourage you all to download "Philosophy" by Ben Folds Five. Or better yet, support the American capitalist machine and great music by buying the goddamn album for a change.







## THE VEGAN SQUAD: CRIME FIGHTING, WRONG RIGHTING. AND LEFT WINGING. WITH NO ANIMAL ADDITIVES.

BY SASHA HORWITZ, COLUMNIST

**D**o I have to write another article? It is October break, no one is here, and my homework doesn't need to be finished for 4 days. I feel like relaxing. I could always come up with one-liners. Everybody loves one liners, especially the stupid. They have short attention spans.

I have a few quotables, maybe some clever, and no shortage of funny, but do I have an article?

There's an insupportable gripe that's been festering in me for the past few days. SEMANTIC gripe. The kind that makes me sound like an asshole, because all I'm doing is correcting your grammar.... I spat this out three days ago. Before I rethought it and noticed how fastidious I sound.

For the sake of my skinny white hide, I'll leave in my spelling errors, because irony is funny.

I hates it when these fuckin' bitches uses the word *random* like they knows what it means.

### RANDOM.

It doesn't mean "miscellaneous", or "thing" or "nonspecific", it means made, done, etc., without method or conscious choice.

For instance "What a random thing to say,..." IS A FLAWED SENTENCE!!!

How is your yellow doing. The word yellow has been selected randomly.

It is not random itself. It was selected. Therefore it cannot be random. Notice how fucking consciousness gets in the way of my meandering thoughts??? Intrusive ain't it!

I know exactly

why the word has ingratiated itself into our vocabulary. Can you remember? Think Kevin Spacey, think *American Beauty*.

Before you get all riled up, I liked the movie, I also place blame where blame is do.

They misused it in *American Beauty*. That Mena "Do I fuck

that loser who humped a pie white hide, I'll leave in my

IT DOESN'T MEAN "MISCELLANEOUS", OR "THING" OR "NONSPECIFIC", IT MEANS MADE, DONE, ETC., WITHOUT METHOD OR CONSCIOUS CHOICE.

the one who looks like Keanu Reeves" Suviri said it. Early on she tells best friend Thora Bitch that Ricky used to say all sorts of random things and that's why they threw him in the institu-

tion. It was a Kodak moment. I cried. Cried tears. And then promptly forgot. Pretty soon it became retro, fucking hip, to call everything random.

"What a random tie you've got on" Unless that tie is made of turnips, it is an awkward, unusual, creative, interesting,

different etc. tie. The tie cannot be random because the tie he's wearing is not "made" or "done," it is being worn by the said person.

I don't feel like molding the English language into my euphonic ideal. I just want you people to know that *random*

can't be used that way. As a WORD it has guidelines, and several correct applications. Unfortunately some words can't be used every way you want them to. Times like these call for SYNONYMS.

Takes this

example of improper word usage. Someone walked passed me once and threatened to sodomize his friend in the eye. Who here would honestly support his choice of diction? To the kid raising his hand, How the fuck do you sodomize someone anywhere other than their ass? To my audience, You're smart people, chances are you've spoken English somewhere between 18 and 22 years. Don't acquire bad habits from a guy who wrote for a *Cybil* Shepard vehicle. If you're going to learn from TV, use a David E. Kelly. He is an articulate fuck, steal his phrases. They'll make Robert Downey Jr. wanna fuck you.



## "WTF IS ENTROPY. ANYWAYS?"

BY BETH-DAY, INTERMITTENT CONTRIBUTOR

**H**ey kids! Today I've decided to take a journey into the unknown: the world of a gamer. I've been around "gaming" for a long time but have never been a participant in such activities myself. My brother started getting into such things while I was in 7th grade and has been doing it ever since. When I came to college, I met Matthew Montgomery and what became the G2 gaming crew. So, here I am going to interview Matthew, so we may all gain insight into this strange world.

**Me:** What is gaming?

**MM:** Well, gaming can mean a lot of things. Sometimes it means just playing any kind of game, like board games or computer games. In this context, I'm guessing you mean roleplaying. In that sense, roleplaying usually involves creating a character with a background and personality and acting out that character's role in the context of a plot provided by the narrator or storyteller.

**Me:** What is your definition of a gamer? At what point are you a gamer and not just a random occasional player?

**MM:** I dunno; a gamer is someone who just enjoys gaming, I suppose. I guess I don't really see the need for a distinction between a casual and more involved player. Someone who is more involved might talk about it a lot, or they might not.

**Me:** When did you first get involved in gaming?

**MM:** I first got into gam-

ing high school, sometime in 9th grade. I guess I came in kind of late by most people's standards, but maybe not. I picked up an Advanced Dungeons & Dragons 2nd edition book and started reading the spells. At the time, I was fascinated by all the specifics, the little rules and such that made up the system. I thought it was pretty cool, so I went out and bought my own copy and some dice, and approached my friends to see if they'd like to play. And so it began. ;)

**Me:** What was your first game? What was your first character like?

**MM:** My first game, as I mentioned, was AD&D 2nd. I don't actually remember my first character very well, but that might have something to do with the fact that our games tended towards a more hack and slash style, with less character interaction and more die rolling and combat. ;)

**Me:** How true do you think the stereotype of gamers is - greasy, no social skills, etc?

**MM:** I don't know. I see it a lot, but I don't really think of much of it. Different people have their different idiosyncrasies, and this is often true of social groups. Every group has some little trait about them, I suppose. I think a lot of gamers just don't really think much about it one way or the other.

As for social skills, well, the explanation for why you tend to see that is relatively simple. For one reason or another, gamers tend to be very

non-mainstream or unconventional in a lot of aspects. Often it's that they're smarter or different in some way, and so they aren't really accepted by their peers. As a result, they have to or try to find other ways to occupy themselves. Gaming often fits the bill because it's a great outlet for creativity, and in a lot of cases, it's intellectually challenging. Add to that the fact that it's a social activity, and it can seem really appealing. It was to me, anyway.

**Me:** Do you think that gamers exclude themselves from others or others exclude them?

**MM:** Sure. It's no secret that gamers tend not to fit in with more conventional people, and sometimes gamers prefer it that way. It really depends on the situation and the people in question.

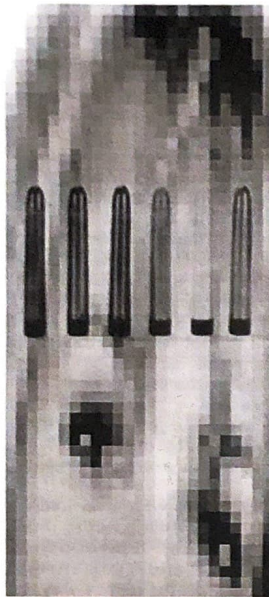
**Me:** What do you think of monkeys?

**MM:** I like to fuck em. **Me:** What is it like to sit in the middle room with all the gamers? What is it like to live on a hall full of gamers?

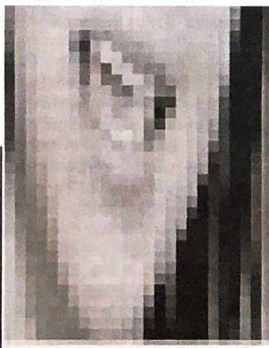
**MM:** It's great. I can talk to them about gaming, dammit! In high school, only a few of my friends were into the 'deeper' aspects of gaming. We didn't usually play our characters or anything, we'd just kill monsters for fun or whatever. Here, though, people are really into it for all the reasons that I find most exciting.

**Me:** And what are those reasons?





## SECTION SEX



## BEST LAID PLANS

BY DORAN CITIZENMAN, COLUMNIST

For starters, before I begin my "real" article, here's a few words. Get over it. I've lost my tolerance for other peoples' intolerance towards anything remotely insulting or controversial. Everybody's got a right to an opinion and a right to express it and if you have problems with that you can go fuck yourself in the ear. I'm sick of everyone with their spaces and their sensitivity and their oppression. I'm sick of defending free speech and the right to create non-fuzzy feelings in other people. Get this: I have the right to cause anger and/or hurt in my fellow human beings if the only weapons I use are words. I won't walk on eggshells for anyone, and neither will many other writers I know, because we understand that free speech is our right as Americans. That sounds vaguely patriotic, which is very not my style, but this is one instance where it's damn appropriate. Free speech yo. It's comin' at ya.

And now for our regularly scheduled sex.

Laura walked into the room, plopping down on the bed as if she'd been doing the same thing every day for a long time. And once upon a time, she had. She'd probably touched every inch of this bed since they'd first been introduced, though she hadn't been near it for a year. Yeah, she remembered this bed. And she remembered the man

who'd shared it with her. The one who was just now lying beside her.

They didn't say anything, but they kissed like two people, a couple, ought to kiss. They kissed like they knew what they did was beautiful, and there was no reason to rush such a pretty thing. He propped himself up on one arm, the other draped lazily across her stomach. His hand caressed the flesh she was so paranoid about, the softness that he adored and she constantly tried to hide. Her thighs, her hips, her round stomach: they made her female. They made her real. He remembered how she was when they first met. She didn't want him to touch her, didn't want him to see or feel her supposed imperfections. But she let him touch her now. She trusted him; she loved him. She remembered how to breathe.

He carefully unbuttoned her shirt, paying sweet attention to every new piece of revealed skin. As her chest was exposed, he bit her gently through her bra, his free hand giving a teasing pinch to the other breast. She smiled, emitting the little moans girls so often do, caressing his cheek, and running her hands through his short graying hair. Too young to be graying, really, but it suited him. As did the new lines in his face, and the tiny amount of pudginess he'd gained to form in his belly. He'd changed, she realized.

How deep did the change run?

Her legs were spread, and her mouth opened in a sort of shock as he began to taste her. He was rough, and she preferred that. How nice, she thought, that some things hadn't changed at all.

"I remember the first time you did this," she whispered.

He raised his head, smiling at her. "You couldn't stop shaking."

"I still can't." Laura was, in fact, vibrating. Her skin tingled, almost like when your foot falls asleep. Only not at all, because it felt wonderful.

"Yes, but last time you were scared."

"I was new. I was young." "It's only been a year."

Laura smiled as he went back to his job. "You'd be amazed at how much I've learned. College is such a wonderful education." Any further discussion was cut off by Laura's inability to do anything but shriek. His mouth, was of course, occupied for some time.

Eventually, she reached for him, their tall frames fitting perfectly together. She kissed him, tasting a little bit of herself on his tongue, and reached between his legs to fondle him. He rolled over on to his back, pulling her on top of him, their mouths never seeming to part.

"Oh, so I get to return the favor?"

"I wouldn't complain." He winked at her as she first removed his shirt and then quickly unzipped his pants, taking him into her mouth with no further fanfare.

He tasted like she remembered. There was something

very distinct about him, something she didn't remember with most of the boys she was with. Girls, she associated with all the senses. Girls had lots of secret tastes and smells in their mouths, their breasts, the underside of their arms, and certainly between their legs. Boys were not nearly so talented in an olfactory sense, though this one was an exception. But then, he wasn't a boy. She wouldn't have wanted him this much if he was.

She sucked on the tip of his shaft, her fingers wrapped around the base. She looked up at him to see his expression, but she knew what it would be. He'd taught her how to do this for god's sake. She'd based her technique around pleasing him. Her lips wrapped around him, her head bobbing up and down as she formed a vacuum with her mouth, sucking hard as she relaxed the back of her throat, automatically stifling her gag reflex as more of him went inside her. The pace and intensity continued to increase, but before he got too far...

"Come here." She got up from between him and answered his command, kissing him almost desperately. Her mouth moved to his neck, as she tried her best to leave as many marks as possible. Yes she used teeth, and she didn't feel bad about it. And she knew how he felt about it. No doubt his roommates loved their new live porn soundtrack, but what are you gonna do?

"I want to feel you inside me," she said softly. "Where are your condoms?"

"I don't have any." The first

awkward silence loomed over them. "You don't happen to have any, do you?"

Laura raised an eyebrow, and he laughed. "Sorry, silly question. I'm sure one of my roommates must have one, hold on." He put on a pair of boxer shorts and walked out of the room. Laura raised herself up to a sitting position, and looked around the room.

It was a typical frat dorm room, really. Kind of sad, considering it belonged to someone who'd be turning thirty-one soon. There was his bike, possibly clean clothing in a pile on the floor, a large collection of CDs and vinyl, a small stack of Biker's Weekly magazine, and an ashtray next to the bed. An ashtray. Next to the bed. With a cigarette that couldn't have been put out earlier than that morning.

Her clothing was on as fast as it could get there. Her bra and underwear didn't even make it, but got shoved into her jacket pocket. Jay was back with a condom as she put on her shoes.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"I thought you liked me." Laura bit her lip, trying not to cry in front of him.

"I do."

"I thought you wanted me." "Of course I do. Laura, please explain."

She smiled sadly and gestured towards the ashtray. "What can I say, Jay? You don't smoke."

And she ran out of the apartment, not daring to look back.

Jay stared at the ashtray. "What can I say. She's right."







## Section ZOLE



## DEAR PHYS. PLANT: ROTATE FPH PLZ.

BY MICHAEL ZOLE, COLUMNIST

**S**o I'm booting up my computer this morning, and I notice that the Windows 2000 boot-up screen says "Built on NT Technology". Now, NT stands for New Technology. I don't mean to suggest that Microsoft doesn't proofread their own damn operating systems, but I'm a little spooked by the idea that the Bill Gates probably thinks that his cash comes from an "ATM machine".

On that note, when was the last time you took a good look around this campus and realized how freaky-looking it is? Let's say you're approaching Hampshire on West Street, passing not a single academic building along the way, and you turn onto the main driveway. So far, so good: you're turning and ascending, a clear metaphor for the high academic standards that Hampshire sets and other such bullshit. Now you reach the first intersection, continue towards the library, and stop at the flagpole. What do you see?

Well, in the distance ahead you see Cole. I know good things go on inside Cole, but visually, it's a featureless rectangular building, more detailed but not quite as exciting as a Pong paddle. To the right you've the RCC, and in the distance, Enfield (or as I like to call it, "Fisher-Price My First Apartment Complex"). Not a bad vista, although considering this is average visitor's first perspective on the campus, we could do better. Oh, but it gets

worse. Look to the left. What do you see? Merrill? Some trees? That big ol' rock?

No, you see *FPH's butt*. One of the college's key academic buildings is facing away from the entrance to the campus. As if we don't feel dumb enough about this already, the college pokes us in the collective eyeballs every Accepted Students' Day by hanging a big "WELCOME TO HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE" sign on the front of FPH — the side that faces the dorms, where *current* students live. More than once I have been stopped on the library lawn by the parents of a prospective student and asked about the location of Franklin Patterson Hall. I'm not good at giving directions, so usually I just point at it and warn them that they're going to have to walk past it and double back if they want to go in.

FPH's orientation isn't the only strange planning decision on this campus, but it's certainly the most prominent. Still, I have to wonder about the fence between the Merrill quad and the courtyard between the Merrill and Dakin house offices. I'm sure it exists for a sound structural reason (i.e. to explain the game of Bocce) but it looks out of place next to, well, anything but a treehouse. And what about the steep staircase near the Art Barn? It seems like somebody was doing some severe waffling on whether or not to obliterate that hill. The result is the MDB and Art Barn built

into the side of the hill, with the space between the two buildings leveled, and the sloping hill replaced by a steep-ass staircase. The staircase, difficult enough to negotiate when you're sober, cruelly leads the way to Prescott, home of many drunken hipsters. (Side note: if film students had teams, The Drunken Hipsters would be a good name for Hampshire's film team.)

Now, I've leafed through the college's 1992 master plan, and it's not like the powers that be don't realize there's a problem; hell, the master plan even has maps that show which views are nice and which aren't. But naturally, picking FPH up and rotating it so that prospective students don't have to sneak in the back isn't an option.

When you get right down to it, I'm complaining about something I can't change. I guess that makes me an activist. But I will not go so far as to ask who designed this hodgepodge of a campus, because somebody will probably tell me, and it will probably turn out to be somebody important like Ken Burns. But here's the thing: I actually like this campus. Even if the buildings are a little drab, they've got a certain charm (cool basements) that makes them acceptable. I just wish they were rotated properly.



## ROCCO INTERVIEWS DIRTY ANAL KELLY

### ROCCOLOGY



BY KARL MOORE, COLUMNIST

**T**oday I had friend of mine and worker-co: Dirty Anal Kelly! I quote for her issue before last- now I bring her to talk! Only not is she hot adult porn star she also has a master's degree in *Scienzeia Politica* from University of Pisa. She here to tell me about Afghanistan. Is always in news now-days, but I am not up in my current event.

**Rocco:** Hello, Dirty Anal Kelly.

**Dirty Anal Kelly:** (Because she is little squeak-voice, *sotto voce*, I am make all her talk appear on italics, as her voice is beautiful in soft like my *Italia*.)

Hello. But my name is not Dirty Anal Kelly- is simple Kelly.

**R:** Mistake is mine.

**DAK —oops, is only K:** Oh, is so tiny. No worry about.

**R:** Tell me about Afghanistan. Is big?

**K:** No, not so much- but is not so tiny, no. It slightly small than American state of Texas.

**R:** What is food like in Afghanistan?

**K:** Funny you ask ha ha! There is not food in country there!

**R:** Not food here in West of Massachusetts either! I sorry if you consider Chili's Riblet Platter such!

**K:** Ha! Ha! Ha! I knowing that

thing! You try order a simple *ri-sotto alla agnello*, they gave me dog slop! If I in Afghanistan and American food ships there, count out me!

**R:** Ha ha, yes, is horrible. How is auto industry in Afghanistan?

**K:** Oh, is so tiny, is no exist! Entire country has only 1973 Mercedes sedan and 1977 Volkswagen minibus!

**R:** Is horrible! No compare to Lamborghini, Ferrari, Ducati?

**K:** No, no. Only one man in Kandahar good with machines- but sewing machines, no car!

**R:** Is almost as bad as U.S.!

**K:** Ha ha oh! Yes! You drive American car?

**R:** Once, unfortunate. It handle like suspension of goat bones!

**K:** Oh, so sorry. What else Afghan you want know?

**R:** What porn is like in Afghanistan?

**K:** Like American hair commercial! Ha Ha! No, I kid, I kid. No porn on there- Taliban

regime is virulently misogynistic, yes. No woman can show leg or hair locks, not mention hot dirty anal action!

**R:** Oh! Is horrible! Horrible! Is free society?

**K:** Sad, no. Is closed, yes,

so tight.

**R:** Well, closed society should open! Open!

**K:** Oh yes.

**R:** Thank you Kelly. All Afghanistan questions are out. You made me enlightened man.

**K:** Welcome!

**R:** How are you so?

**K:** Oh, yes, I am fine yes.

**R:** I have not see you in porn five months or so. What you do?

**K:** Oh, I work on my doctorate, yes- and writing script for Dirty Anal Kelly in Rome 3. It will have

best the video quality, yes, but also dirty anal action which for series is also famous. Oh, also there is intricate plot and much subtexts.

**R:** Intricate plot? I no like! People will find it hard following!

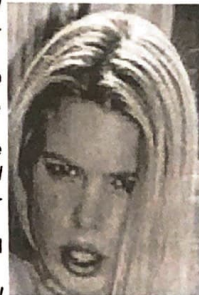
**K:** Oh, no, no, plot more intricate from logistical point of standing. It mainly jobs of blowing and steamy anal sex, but all over Italia- Genoa, Pisa, Parma- even Sicilia! Hell will be travel coordinating!

**R:** Sounding like fun. You invite me without doubt?

**K:** Of course, silly! Oh, ha!

**R:** Oh, you nasty bitch! Let go for espresso!

Arrivederci Hampshire! Working hard and long, ha ha!







## THE THIRD ARTICLE

Alright, this is it. This is the fifth Omen article I've started and this one will be finished. I will not stop typing until something worthwhile comes out of my computer. It is the computer's fault, you know, I am never out of ideas. I surprise myself with my feats of creativity and prowess. And if you think it's easy to surprise me, well, sir, let me tell you something. It isn't. So there you are, one more article squeezed from my veins, one more thought recorded to paper, through the UV glow of the monitor, one more word typed down creating that perfectest of things, that which we all hope to achieve, the THIRD ARTICLE. And though there are typos everywhere and I can feel myself flying over the keyboard as if this mattered to anyone other than myself I


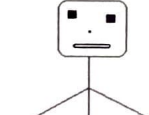
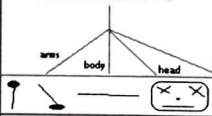
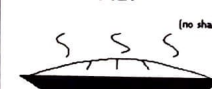
can feel myself bleeding out thought. I have power over my own thought this will happen this will be an article or ILL EAT MY FUCKING HAT The third article. Once you are written, my sweet, I will have my own graphic, which is, let's face it, why we all write anyway. I will be someone associated with writing. Ill get easy to surprise me, well, sir, to be a reporter gal, to wear a fedora and sit on desks and speak like Jennifer Jason Leigh in The Hudsucker Proxy. And there will be Bruce Campbell to bandy with and Cary Grant and.... Dorian. The war will stop and everyone will be happier. The world is full of topics.

My worlds full of topics that are worth discussing, issues that could change lives if I thought about them, I just need seven hundred words. Or 285.

BY ALI HARTLEY, COLUMNIST



## COOKING WITH ME!

<p>To Do:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"><li>1.) Get Ingredients</li><li>2.) Put together</li><li>3.) Make it look like pie</li><li>4.) Eat Pie (no sharing)</li></ol>	<p>ME</p> 
<p>INGREDIENTS- (my brother)</p> 	<p>PUT TOGETHER IN PIE</p>  <p>PIE!</p>  <p>(no sharing)</p>



## WRESTLING AND POSTMODERNISM

## MONDAY NIGHT RAW WORKRATE REPORT: 10/8/01

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

### What worked:

- Jericho/Rock v. RVD/Shane was good for what it was. I can also always appreciate someone bleeding for their craft, and Jericho tapped a gusher. This is even more impressive considering it was off of Shane's suckass bulldog. Jericho and Rock brawling in the locker room was great too, and I like that they didn't have Jericho go full on heel right away. Rock should have been more of a bastard and punched Jericho in the cut, though.

- Edge's theme music is really, really cool, and he is getting scary, scary over with the fans. Edge v. Christian at No Mercy might make both of their careers.

- Christian giving the kid his sunglasses than taking them back is a brilliant bit of old school heelism.

- Molly getting a clean pin over Lita. It was just a nice touch, on a night with almost no clean finishes.

- Hurricane Helms is still funny, but we'll see how long that lasts.

### What didn't work:

- Lots

- More specifically, Austin/Angle was flat, probably the worst of their three big matches in the last few months. The Regal turn was pathetically predictable,

since it's like every heel turn they've done in a year. The writers really, really suck.

- The opening six man was criminally short, and the activities afterwards are probably going to go nowhere. Just turn the Dudleyz face again, before you kill them.

- X-Pac.....on my TV.

- Edge/Rhyno was way too short.

- Debra was probably at her least annoying tonight, and she's still here. That should say something.

- The Hardy's title win had no build, and I have a snaking suspicion it will just lead to another unification match at No Mercy.

- Overall, the writing is on cruise control right now. Everyone is just waiting until Rock/Austin fight again, and what you get is a horribly botched title reign for Angle, and no attention to logic in the undercard. They have two weeks until a PPV and maybe three matches announced, one of which is a lingere match.

### Other things I noticed:

- Tajiri got to do all of two moves on RAW, and was wrestling Dreamer on HeAT. He still gets a great pop. The WWF has no idea what they have.

- The Hardy's are flamboyant enough, they don't need any more weird homoerotic overtones. Shouldn't they be shower-

ing with Lita, rather than each other.

-The WWF could have an awesome Light Heavyweight division, instead they have X-Pac holding two belts, and wrestling Scotty 2 Hotty. Nothing against Scotty, he's a good hand, but the gimmick is overriding the wrestler. Though honestly, I think he needs someone like Dean Malenko to make him look really good.

- God, I hope Eddie-! Guerrero gets back soon.

- Just give Edge a main event push already, the crowd was way into him and he's already starting to juice. His shoulders look way bigger than they did a couple weeks ago. He may not be the best wrestler in the world (or even his tag team) but he's no worse than Jericho or Booker.

### Final Thoughts:

Pretty crappy show overall, nothing very offensive, but it continues a string of mediocre RAWs. Just hotshot Rock/Austin already and get it over with. It's what they want to do. Then send all the upper midcard over to WCW before HHH gets back and buries them all. I think Edge, Christian, RVD, Benoit and Booker could all draw in an alternate fed and would flourish far more than they are in the WWF. The invasion is dead. Nothing to see here, let's move along.





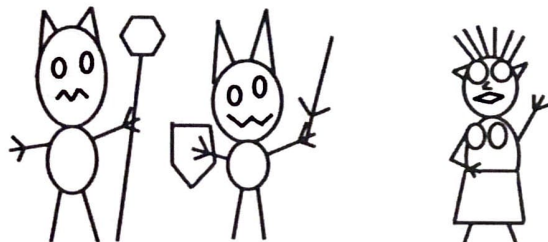
## "HARLOT RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLE"

Excerpt from pg. 192 of the "Advanced Dungeons & Dragons Dungeon Master's Guide," 1<sup>st</sup> Ed.:

"Harlot encounters can be with brazen strumpets or haughty courtesans, thus making it difficult for a party to distinguish each encounter for what it is. (In fact, the counter could be with a dancer only prostituting herself as it pleases her, an elderly madam, or even a pimp.) In addition to the offering of the usual fare, the harlot is 30% likely to know valuable information, 15% likely to make something up in order to gain a reward, and 20% likely to be, or work with, a thief. You may find it useful to use the sub-table below to see which sort of harlot encounter takes place:

01 – 10	Slovenly Trull	76 – 85	Expensive Doxy
11 – 25	Brazen Strumpet	86 – 90	Haughty Courtesan
26 – 35	Cheap Trollop	91 – 92	Aged Madam
36 – 50	Typical Streetwalker	93 – 94	Wealthy Procureess
51 – 65	Saucy Tart	95 – 98	Sly Pimp
66 – 75	Wanton Wench	99 – 00	Rich Panderer

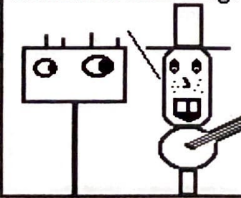
An expensive doxy will resemble a gentlewoman, a haughty courtesan a noblewoman, the other harlots might be mistaken for goodwives, and so forth."



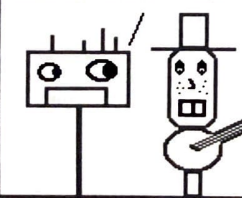
*The article goblins encounter a harlot.*

### UNOFFICIAL SCREAMIN' STEVEN

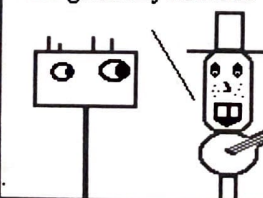
Give me a title for my brilliant soulful song.



DODECAHEDRAL SHIT-ROOT BLUES!!!



Bob Dylan killed my dog while geometry watched.



## FIVE COLLEGE RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLE: NOW ON D20 SYSTEM!!!

The procedures and tables for determining random encounters in the Valley remain pretty much the same. You'd think things would change, but, go figure. If you don't have the statistics for some of these monsters, there's probably something wrong with you. But we'll be publishing them anyway. We are legally required to inform you that you will need the 3rd Edition Player's Handbook to fully use this table.

01-03: Book-Tape Lady	39-41: Smithie
04-06: That Guy on the Bus (you know, that guy)	42: Elemental, Pot
07: Jesse	43-44: Crazy Street Person (Sub table to appear in later <i>Omen</i> )
08-09: Steel Drum Player	45-46: Postgraduate "Student"
10-11: Frat Boys (See description on page 192 of the DMG, 1st edition)	47: Kolboids
12: LARPers	48-49: Freak with sword (Sub table to appear in later <i>Omen</i> )
13: Demon, Greater (Sub table to appear in future issue of the <i>Omen</i> )	50: Swamp Creature (Modling)
14-17: Hippies (See sub table in later issue of the <i>Omen</i> )	51: Paladin
18-19: Skateboarding Pack	52-54: Llama, Attack
20: "Hey, got a quarter?"	55: Flumph
21-24: Fuck, Pretentious (Sub table to appear in later issue of the <i>Omen</i> )	56-58: Animal, Domestic
25: Guy/Chick, Naked	59-60: Dog, New-Guinea Singing
26-27: CS Professor	61-62: Horde, Mongol
28: Gnolls	63-64: HCRP
29-30: Squirrel, Dire	65-66: Lizard Man
31: Frisbee Player	67-68: Fairy, Acid
32: Street Toughs/ Bikers	69-70: Air Elemental, Inactive
33: Batman	71-72: Priest, Evil
34-37: Mt. Holyoke student (See description on page 192 of the DMG, 1st edition)	73-74: Flail Snail
38: Gelatinous Cube	75-76: Adventurers
	77-79: Nostferatu
	80-82: Snobs, Amherst
	83-88: First Year (Sub table to appear in later <i>Omen</i> )
	89-90: Totoro
	91-00: Cthulu

Next issue: Sub tables and monster stats!!!





## "WTF IS ENTROPY, ANYWAYS?"

## continuations

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

**MM:** In high school, we were primarily concerned with the cool stuff our characters could do. We didn't really create any sort of personality to play, so that was about all that we had. And there's not anything really wrong with that; we were self-conscious, and we just wanted to have some non-emotionally loaded fun.

Here, though, we're mature (or whatever) enough to feel comfortable acting in front of one another. We are more concerned with cool characters with cool powers, as opposed to just cool powers. :)

Seriously, though; we are more into plot and characters, the more difficult but more rewarding side of gaming. There's nothing like pushing the limits of what you thought you could create and act out, and having your friends respect you all the more for it.

**Me:** Do you think it is hard to become one of that crowd?

**MM:** I don't think so, but it might be. Ironically enough, a lot of people find us to be intimidating! I can kind of understand that; we all know each other, and we're all on the same wavelength in a lot of ways, so approaching us and trying to 'fit in' can seem rather daunting. My best advice would be just to sit down and hang out... talk to people. I'm not sure what to say beyond that; we don't really have any kind of structure. We just sit around, hang out, and talk about all things geeky.

**Me:** What is your favorite role-playing game?

**MM:** I'd have to say that

'Mage: The Ascension' is my favorite roleplaying game.

**Me:** What is a run? What is your favorite run you've been a part of?

**MM:** A run is just a roleplaying session where everyone gets together and plays. It's great, because everyone's getting into character, and the ST (often, Dan) is getting everything together. There's this slight tinge of anticipation in the air.

My favorite run? That's tough. I've had a lot of good ones where I was able to do something I wasn't able to do, or when something really cool happened. One of the funniest ones was when my character (a former vampire) was having an awful day and decided to take it out on reality. It was quite amusing.

**Me:** What was your favorite character you've played?

**MM:** My favorite character thus far? Well, up until recently, my favorite character was the one I first created since I came to Hampshire. He started off very similar to myself, and ended up becoming very distant from what I originally created.

Recently, though, I created one of the most damned complicated characters I have ever conceived. I wasn't even sure I'd be able to play him... I've only played him a little bit, but so far, he's been a lot of fun to try to play. There's a lot that makes him tick, and it's hard to keep all of him in my head at once so I can really get inside his head.

**Me:** What do you think the plot of the coolest game/run

would be?

**MM:** I dunno; I think anything could be cool if you pulled it off well enough. One thing that would be difficult to pull off, but would be really fucking cool would be a run that involved some really intense combat that ended up feeling like an action movie. Conspiracy stuff is really damned cool, too.

**Me:** And the question that has been burning in my mind for years, what the hell is entropy anyways?

**MM:** Hahah.. Well, entropy has two meanings. There's entropy, in terms of science, and then there's Entropy in terms of Mage. Entropy in science refers to the eventual demise of all energy in the universe. The idea goes that eventually, the universe will expend all of its energy, and become an unreactive morass of stuff.

Entropy in Mage is something different. Entropy refers to the breakdown of reality, in both a physical and metaphysical sense. It is concerned with the understanding and manipulation of fate and probability. It's also my favorite Sphere (category of magic for those of you that don't play Mage).

**Me:** I still don't understand. How would you use it?

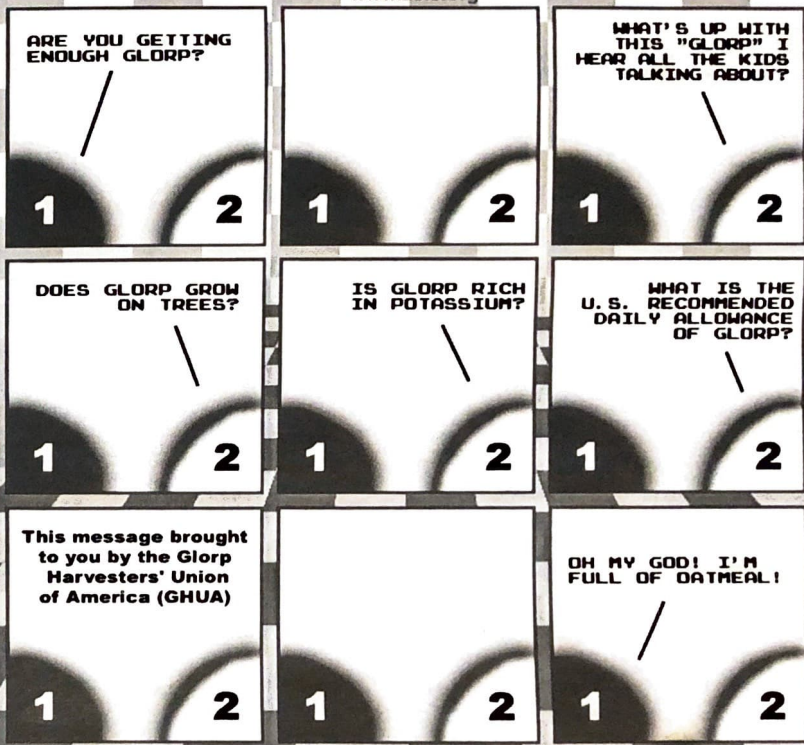
**MM:** Well, there's something you have to understand about Mage, specifically magic. Magic is divided into 9 areas of influence, or Spheres. Entropy is one of them. In each of those Spheres, there are 5 levels of understanding.

The first level of Entropy allows you to understand patterns

## DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XIX

by M. Zole

www.zole.org



FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

and systems, and through that understanding, you can find a pattern's strengths and weaknesses. In real life terms, you might be able to predict the outcome of a die roll; you might be able to find the weakest point in a piece of glass; you might also be able to find

the best parking place by weaving your way through a bunch of cars. What all of this implies is that everything has a pattern (or lack of pattern), and when you understand that pattern, you can use it to your advantage.

Higher levels let you affect

those patterns. So, instead of having to predict the outcome of a die roll, you could actually change the outcome of the die roll; influence events that it just so happens that the best parking place is empty; you could also cause that piece of glass to break.



MORE ON NEXT PAGE



"They are annoying balls of fur that yap  
and bark and then grow up to dumb  
creatures that try to hump your leg"

"Lets get one thing straight. Puppies  
are not cute"

"Every time I see a puppy I think how  
much fun it would be to kick it."

annoying hump y  
ot cute dumb cr

Had I been capable of reading  
I would be really sad right  
now. My owner came home one  
night and cried himself to  
sleep. He was sad because he  
did not realize people could  
hate cute little puppies like  
me. I love everyone. Look  
how cute I am. I'M SO CUTE!  
Would you like to pet me? I  
like to chase cats.

love,  
Jetta



Jetta

"I love everyone!"